

a girl why can't he do it when nobody's round?" she complained to Maggie.

"Well, say!" said Maggie. "I wish to goodness he'd take an interest in me."

"Well, I'm going to resign," declared Lizzie, and stalked toward the private office.

The girls waited. Exactly at the noon hour Lizzie emerged, a bright crimson, by the side of Simmonds, whose arm was drawn through hers. Down the aisle they walked, Lizzie crimsoning still more as all eyes were turned on her. So they went into the street, and Bill, the boy who swept up, reported at 1 o'clock that they were having dinner at Haffney's.

"Well, what d'you think of that!" ejaculated Maggie to the rest.

"I ain't going to stay in a place where such scandalous happenings happen," answered the homeliest of them, with a toss of her head.

Lizzie Holt's vain and childish mind was fairly turned by her employer's attentions. She spent the afternoon careless of the black looks of all around her. She was living over that delicious hour again. Mr. Simmonds certainly was a gentleman, even if he was old. And somehow, George and the trousseau had begun to acquire a secondary importance in her mind.

Before they left Simmonds had asked for her address. He had hinted that possibly a visitor might call in a taxi for her some evening when she least expected it. That was all he had said. But that night, when the reaction had come, the girl faced the problem in her room alone more seriously than she had ever faced anything.

She was not so ignorant of life but that she could see the meaning of her employer's maneuvers. But she was ignorant enough to feel helpless. She could not face the crowd in the store again. Either she must be true to George or—well, she saw the alternative quite plainly as the hours wore

away. And to her credit the thought of George triumphed.

The next day she left her rooming house and engaged a room in another. She did not return to the store. She obtained a position with Marshall's, and in a week she had completely forgotten the incident, except that she felt a little proud of herself as the heroine of a quasi-adventure.

Behind the perfumery counter of Marshall's Lizzie was in her element. An attractive girl, she sold more goods than any of her competitors. Her salary was already \$9 a week. Two instead of one now went toward the trousseau.

Then one day a familiar figure entered. He was an old gentleman with a fringe of white beard and he was accompanied by a very motherly looking old lady. They came slowly up to the perfumery counter. Simmonds looked up, to encounter Lizzie's frightened eyes fixed on his.

"Why, bless my soul, it's Miss Holt! Here, mother! This is the young lady I was telling you about who disappeared so mysteriously from the store."

The motherly woman came up to Lizzie.

"My husband has been talking to me so much about you," she said. "I am sorry you went away. But I understand how you felt. You see, Herman is a little abrupt and strange in his ways. Go away, Herman. I am going to talk to Miss Holt now."

"You see, my dear," she continued, "we lost our only daughter a year ago and Herman was passionately devoted to her. And after you got to working in the store he came home and said to me, 'Mother, one of our new young ladies is the very image of poor Lucile.'"

"I told him that it must be imagination but he kept talking about you and so I promised that I would call and see you. You know Herman is always interested in his young ladies, but he really felt like a father toward you. And he knows how hard